4 My Muse is bound, by seruice, zeale, and loue,
The spight of death, and fortune here to showe:
The Sire, & Sonne, whose soules are crownd aboue,
With others corse, posses the earth below,
Untill the daye of Christe his glorious showe.
By natures corse, the one bereft of breath,
By fortunes spight, the other brought to death.

5 First of the first, that Earle of Bedford hight.
A gratious Lord, as euer liu'd on earth.
A Counseller, and of the Garter knight.
Right honorable, in vertue, lore, and birth.
Image of Grace, and goodnes here on earth,
Whose life may be a Mirrour for the best,
Whose death (nay life) proclaimes his soule at rest.

The Order of the Romaine funerals, to be attired withall his honors.

6 His purple robe doth show his honor sound,
His armed sword, the metle of his hart:
His forward leg, in S. Georges Garter bound.
A token is of courage and desart.
His Counselers place, to valour ioyneth Art.
His loyall truth, aboue the rest doth shine,
His Godly zeale, may well be cal'd deuine.

Ill men are not lamented being dead.

7 His mourners clothd, in harts as sad as weedes,
His vertues blasd, for few bad men bemone.
Among the rest, his charitable deedes,
with his sweete soule, to Abrahms brest are flone.

He was a liberall Comforter of the poore.

The poore dismayd cry out that he is gone,
Whose sighs and teares, their eyes do scald or blind,
as men past hope, his like againe to finde.

But

4 My Muse is bound, by seruice, zeale, and loue,
The spight of death, and fortune here to showe:
The Sire, & Sonne, whose soules are crownd aboue,
With others corse, posses the earth below,
Untill the daye of Christe his glorious showe.
By natures corse, the one bereft of breath,
By fortunes spight, the other brought to death.

5 First of the first, that Earle of Bedford hight.
A gratious Lord, as euer liu'd on earth.
A Counseller, and of the Garter knight.
Right honorable, in vertue, lore, and birth.
Image of Grace, and goodnes here on earth,
Whose life may be a Mirrour for the best,
Whose death (nay life) proclaimes his soule at rest.

The Order of the Romaine funerals, to be attired withall his honors.

6 His purple robe doth show his honor sound,
His armed sword, the metle of his hart:
His forward leg, in S. Georges Garter bound.
A token is of courage and desart.
His Counselers place, to valour ioyneth Art.
His loyall truth, aboue the rest doth shine,
His Godly zeale, may well be cal'd deuine.

Ill men are not lamented being dead.

7 His mourners clothd, in harts as sad as weedes,
His vertues blasd, for few bad men bemone.
Among the rest, his charitable deedes,
with his sweete soule, to Abrahms brest are flone.

He was a liberall Comforter of the poore.

The poore dismayd cry out that he is gone,
Whose sighs and teares, their eyes do scald or blind,
as men past hope, his like againe to finde.

But

8 But to discribe, this gratious Lord at large,
His birth, life, death, his gifts and godly feare:
For Homers pen, or Virgils ware a charge,
Whose vertues firme, beſæmes the noble pære,
(As Honors Grace) within his brest to beare.
His perfect life, the best deuines might teach,
What worckes become, the holy words they preach.

9 First, of his birth (which in his actes appeare)
By oft decents, a Gentleman he was:
Ten worthy Squiers, the Russels Armes did beare.
To Knights likewise, decended of the race.
And through desart (which hath the hyest place)
His noble Sire, (in Henries eye a pearle)
Clim'de by degrees, vntill he was an Earle.

His Auncestors were Lords of the manner of Barwicke, in Dorcetshire.

H.8.

10 Eight Cotes he bare, which hereditare were,
The Russels first, of all men knowne his owne. 1
Delarowres the next, a Westerne heire, 2
Muschamp the third, a Northerne Baron knowne. 3 Dorcetsh.
Herringham the fourth, a neighbour of his owne. 4
Frewxmer the fift, from Worcestshire, which came. 5
Wise was the sixt, in Devonshire long of name. 6

11 Deriu'd from Truth, and lawfull Pedigrewe,
These former six, his noble Father bare.
The other two, were to his Mother dewe.
Sabcote she hight, Inheritrix and heire. 7
With Saint Marke ioynde, both in Northampton shire. 8
Long thus he was (as I haue sayd before)
A Gentleman, and Cæsar was no more.

12 And sith his howse is built of Honer now,
You well shall see, the ground worke to be sound:
Aduaunce (I graunt, to weeke desart may bow,
And weaker Grace, the building may confound.
But this strong forte, is raisde on noe, such ground,
The noble Lord, first Earle of all his race,
The ground-worke layde, by Vallor, lore, and Grace.

His noble fathers vertues and dignities By H.8.

13 He did not mount, as some men with a starte:
Vallor him prou'd, a Scevola to be,
Barondc he was, on tryall for desarte.
Through wisdome then, he climed by degree.
King Henries eyes, did iudge, as well as see,
Who with these rownes, and Garter did him staule
Lord Preauy seale, and eke Lord Admirall.

He was created Earle of Bedford by E. 6. His saying: Sans l'ayde de Dieu, Ie ne puis.

14 Edward the sixt, of Christendeme the pearle,
For seruice great, and loyalty vnstainde:
Created him, of Bedford then the Earle.
Who still confest, these gifts, by God he gainde,
And blest of God, his vertues all remainde.
(as ioynde vnto, the honnor he begonne)
Unto this Lord, the noble Earle his sonne.

15 Gods wisedome oft, euen from the Jawes of death.
Saues those whome he, to worthy charges cauls.
Throwne in the deepe, he gaue to Moyses breath.
At Lycaonia Stonde, he did reuiue S. Paule.
That there escapes, might cõfort thraules, in thraule,
To shew his strength, and for a thousands good,
The Lord (this Lord) preserued in the flood.

He was in mortall peril of drowning, and yet preserued.

In

16 In tender yeares, where one Inſtruction might,
Graſte lore and grace, which make the noble ſhine:
His vertues blaſde, ſo cleare in all mens ſight.
As by the ſame, a number did deuine.
What frutes would grow vpõ thoſe blowmes in fine?
At eighteene years, when youth would wãder far,
This Lord was ſtayd, & towke a chardge in war.

His ſeruice in King Henry 8. dayes.
His Father being a generall, he had chardge at Muttrill, whẽ he was but. 18 yeares of age.

17 The Weſt doth know, the valour of his hart,
The Rebells ſtrong, he nobly did diſmaye.
The people ſince, haue honord his deſart.
His Syre (and he) did bring them vnto obaye.
And euer ſince, haue kept them at that ſtaye.
His deads were knowne, by Iuſtice, Trueth, & zeale,
To God, his Prince, and to the Common Weale.

His moſt valiant ſeruice in ſuppreſsing the Weſtern Rebells, in King Edward the. 6 dayes.

18 His holy zeale, he builded on Gods word,
In all his pompe the Pope he did deſie.
When Mary rain'de, and biſhops rul'de the ſwoarde.
To cut him ſhort, who all his Acts did eye.
A godly feare, his loyall truth did trye.
His ſeruice then, and hye regard therefore,
Doth Papiſts teach, their Princes to adore.

He was alwayes a moſt godly Proteſtant.
The biſhops in Queene Maries dayes narrowly ſearched him, Vide acts & monum.

19 Yet, eare I ſhowe his ſeruice vncenſtrain'de,
I nede muſt ſhewe how hardly he was vide.
A Priſoner with the Lord Rich he remain'de.
Till papiſts had, his actions all pervide.
Which fauteles were, but he reuenge refuſde.
He layd his wrong, not to his Countries chardge
But heaping trueth, did ſheild her with his teargе.

He was Priſoner with the old. L. Rich in Queene Maries dayes.

His seruice in Queene Maries dayes at S. Quintes, at his owne charge.

20 Well armed with a stout and loyall hart,
At S. Quintins, he serud with proper charg:
There nedes no trompe, to sounde his hye desart.
Truth bydes the push, vnarmd, with shield or targe
Malgre his foes, his merits were so large,
As that the Quæne estæmde him with the best,
And made him then, lieutenant of the West.

Queene Mary made him Lieutenant of the West Countries.

21 The trust was great, but far more great his trueth,
Yet he profest the faith he did before:
When as he saw, the Clergie voyde of ruth:
The tyranny of the papists in Queene Maries dayes.
Wherein their rage, they seamde a Forrest Bore.
And Christians blood, they dronke up more & more.
He grieud to liue, where as such Tyrants rainde:
Yet loyally this bitter Crosse sustainde.

22 To trauell then his noble minde was set.
He was most honorably entertained by forraine Princes.
(Which knowledge sought, to do his Coūtrey good)
Abroade his port, such noble praise did get,
As Princes when his faire they vnderstood.
They honord him by all the meanes they could,
God did him shield, in spight of all his foes,
And yet he liu'de, vnder the Pope his nose.

Disposition of english fugitiues.

23 Abroade he did not as our papistes doe,
In practise toyne, their Countrey to confownde:
Although his Quæne, were to gods word a foe.
Tyranny, no warrant to rebell.
He neuer wrought, that she should be vncrownd,
No, no, his faith, and honour both were sound.
Who oft had read, and did regard it well,
That Tyrants were, no warrants to rebell.

24 Nor Tyrants are the scourges of Gods Ire
Sent from aboue, to chasten sinne below:
But as the Rod, the father throwes in fire.
If in his sonne, he sees that grace doth grow,
The soueraigne God, with Tyrants dealeth soe:
Their rules are short, and long his mercies raigne,
When as he sees that we our sinnes restraine.

The short raignes of Tyrants.

25 England doth know, my censure to be iust,
When God from heauen, our patient bondage eide:
The Papists hope, he soone consunde to dust:
Queene Mary dy'de euen in their whottest pride,
Then downe did fall their pompe of eury side.
The Image then of Plenty, Power, and Peace,
His mercy sent; whose raigne, the same encrease.

Example by England.

Queene Elizabeth.

26 This noble Lord, vpon this blessed chaunce,
In Counsell sate among the graueft Wights.
His care was set the Gospell to aduaunce,
His zeale out shinde, the Papists taper lights.
To do good deedes, were set his whole delights.
His noble howse of Conscience seemd a Court,
Such heapes of men for succour did resort.

He was the first that was sworne of Queene Elizabethes Counsell.

27 While fortune smilde, he did not like the world.
Bye, bild, serach, craue, & gape are gaine could fall.
Behinde his backe, these worldly Joyes he whurld.
He first his eyes vpon Gods Church in thrall.
Which he tow free, set hand hart, purse and all.
His bordes were spred, his gates wyde open stode,
For Pastors pure, which ministred heauenly foode.

His great zeale to advaunce the Gospell.

Hee made high account of good preachers

The

Hee litle passed of dum Preachers.

28 The Idle Droane, the forme that onely had,
He thought vnmæte, to take a holy charge:
But some saye, though the minister be bad,
Gods word is pure: which we must make our targe.
I say no les, and yet they roue at large.
A Diamond keepes his vertue set in bras,
But set in Gold, it hath a perfect grace,

29 Gods word is pure, though preached by the Deuil.
The holy Ghoste, yet seldome comes in hell:
Without whose gift, mans nature is most euill.
Much like a fole, that bytes the bitter shell,
And leaues the nut, the barke, not tasting well.
The multitude, of perfect iudgement barde.
The Preachers words, so by his life regard.

30 This noble Lord, this grocenes did perceiue,
That simple men Judge by the outward face:
And therefore did his benefices giue
To such as had, both learning, gift and grace.
Would God the like, ware sæne in eury place.
The God of Heauen should be glorified then,
Euen, by the workes, the liues, and lights of men.

31 Although this Lord, was hovord by the sword.
His wiledome iudg, dthat learning was deuine.
Which to aduaunce, his bounty did afford.
Allowance great, as if he had a mine.
To Scholliers powre, in whome good gifts did shine.
In mournfull Cryes, he both his eares bestowde.
His purse wide ope, a fruitefull pitty showde.

To

32 To show he bilt his actions of the Lord,
Not as the most, on fortunes smiling cheare:
He chose Che sera, sera, for his word.
Gods will shalbe, in heauen aboue and heare.
The Thunder bolte, the strongest towres teare.
The lightning flash consumes the house of præde,
And plagues do raigne, vpon the wicked sæde.

Hes poesie applied to Gods power ouer all actions.

33 What did become, of Cæsars clyming head?
Of Pompeis rule, and Alexanders raigne?
Alight account, so soone as they were dead,
Yea they whose mindes, a world could not cõtaine,
With much a doe: a seemely Tombe did gaine.
Their conquestes great, returnde and wared lesse,
For nought may stand, but what gods hãd doth bles.

Antipater was driuẽ by a subtill pol licie to get Alexanders body buried.

34 The Plow in vaine, is set into the ground,
Vnlesse the sæde, God blesseth with encrease:
The biding of the wicked is vnsound:
Although of bras he frameth euery peace.
Yea linketh oft, before his owne disseace.
This Prouerbe old, doth profecie his fall.
Though man propose, yet God disposeth all.

35 This noble Lord, that hath both sæne and read,
The Rules and Raignes, ꝑ Time, did sinke & shake.
That euen those men, that fortune most had fead.
That liu'de like Gods, their leaues as mẽ did take.
And haue no name, of whom ten thousands spake.
By his Poesie, in true construction then:
Gods power showes, ore all the works of men.

36 And that the Lord, might all his labours bleſſe,
His chiefeſt workes, his temple was to bilde,
To comfort thoſe, that languiſht in diſtreſſe,
Such to receiue, as Tyranny exilde.
To cloth, and feade, the widdow and her childe.
On theſe good deedes, which holy men may name.
This Godly Lord, did build his forte of fame.

the glory that Cæſar esteemed.

37 Cæſar oft ſayd, he gloried moſt in this,
Vnto his friend, he neuer was vnkinde:
And oft forgaue, his foe that did amis,
Two worthy gifts beſeeming Cæſars minde,
Which in this lord, his vertues brightly ſhinde:
His bounty and mercy very great. For to his friend, none could more fauour ſhow.
Nor none that liu'd that more forgaue his foe.

38 This grateſull part, though many I could ſhow,
Among the reſt, a good remembraunce:
Gods will this Lord into the Theames did throw,
A waterman did ruſh among the waues,
And by Gods ayde, his dangered life he ſaues.
Whoſe ayde this Lord, did nobly then reward,
And afterward to multiply regard.

A gratefull parte.

39 The thriftles man, by ſome vnhappy corſe,
Offended in, a veniall cauſe of death.
The law did pas: This Lord then toke remorſe
On him that once, his life did helpe to ſaue.
In lewe whereof his perdon he did craue.
And afterward, that he might truly liue.
This man he did, a yearely penſion giue.

Am-

40 Ambition, wrath, enuy, and diſdaine,
Haunt Princes Courts, and doe the moſt enthrall:
But none of theſe his honor once could ſtaine.
Like to the ſnaile, he neuer clymde to fall.
No, wrathfull mode his wiſdome could appaule:
On worldly pride, he fixt no enuious eye,
Nor ſcornde the poore, where he good gifts did ſpye.

Paſſiõs which followes Princes Courts.

41 Although he liu'd in fauour of his prince,
He neuer roſe, by any mans diſgrace:
His actes ſo iuſt, as Enuy did convince,
To noble to craue, for to inrich his race:
Ready to giue, and gaue in euery place.
On Honour he, and Vertue made his ſtay,
And neuer ſaund, where fortune bare the ſway.

An honorable diſpoſition.

42 His wiſedome knowne, in many a cauſe before,
Right meete, his prince, and Cõmõ weale to ſerue:
Her maieſtie by him did ſet much ſtore.
And to ſay trueth, no man could more deſerue.
Who with a charge, from which he did not ſwerue.
In noble ſorte, as ſeemde ſo ſad a chaunce,
Went to Condole, the King his death of Fraunce.

Her Maieſtie ſẽt him Ambaſſadour into Fraunce.

43 His honor thus by noble actions grewe,
And all was grace, in which he was attir'd:
At home, abroade, in peace, and warre moſt true,
Aboue his hart, his vertues farre aſpir'de.
And crownde him with more praiſe then he deſir'de
The Scottiſh traines, did are a truſty eye,
Then through the North with ſpeed this lord did hie.

He was Gouernour of Barwicke in her Maiest. Time.

44 Of Barwicke he, the Gouernour was made.
In which hye charge, he ruld without suspect.
The Souldiers old, he did refreth and ayde.
Who well deseru'de, he nobly did respect.
Who did offende, he mildely, did correct:
With Justice he, did euer measure Grace,
Which made him fear'd, through loue in eury place.

A reuenge contrary to Martiall, or politicke Iustice.

45 The deadly foode, that thirsteth after blood.
His wisedome in those parts appeased much.
The hollowe Scots (that seldome wisht vs good)
Would often saye, there neuer gouernd such.
Tride by his foes, his vertues bid the tuch.
And truth to say, generall was the song:
Th'earle of Bedford, did neuer Person wrong.

He was her Maiesties deputie to cristen the scottish king.

46 In Scotland, when that in our soueraignes place,
He Cristened the sæmely Scottish king.
He did the Rytes, with such a royall Grace.
As that his fame, the Scottish writers ring.
Enuyed there, Renowne, he home did bring.
The Scottish Prince, our Soueraignes subiect was,
And so (this Lord, euen there, by him did pas.

Lord Darley, her Maiest. subiect.

47 Returned home, where Lawrell rules the launce:
Where Peace doth shine, which plenty doeth afford
Where lawes do Trueth, and Equitie aduaunce.
In Justice seate, though Girt with Mars his sword:
Nothing but right was censurd by this Lord:
Of many he: was Judge, and wrongs redrest.
As Warden of the stanerie in the West.

He was Warden of the stanerie in the West.

An

48 An office great, which some would wrest to gaine.
Yet through his gaine, there was not one that lost:
A multitude belong vnto the traine.
In ruling (whome of this) he chiefe may boast.
His Justice gaind, the fauour of the most.
And for the rest, vpon a true account,
His charge did neare vnto his gaine amount.

The true commendatiō of the Iustice which he administred.

49 Lieutenant he was of the Westerne Coast,
Where as he found, a number loued strife:
What meanes he wrought (the Lawiers do not boast)
For to appease, the discords that ware rife.
He mou'd strong foes, to loue like man and wife.
That lacke of worke, made Lawiers to exclaime,
But what of that? it was a godly blame.

He was Lieutenant of the Counties of Dorcet, Deuō of Cornwaule at the time of his death, and oftentimes before.
The Lawiers in the Westerne Circuits murmured that he ended so many matters.

50 And truth to say, where peace and plentie raignes.
It is a fault, to see our papar war:
They know God wot, that tasted haue the paines.
Where bookes do wound, as deep remaines ỹ scar.
As browne bill strokes, which nothing reach so far.
The reason is, the beast doe not accord,
Their neighbours Iars, by sample of this Lord.

Vnkind suites vnnaturall in this peaceable Gouernment.

51 Though holsome lawes, do strēgthē Cōmō weales,
Law is to strong for evry trifleling cause:
The fogging mate, is worse, then he that steales.
Where sute is raisde, for wind & wagging strawes.
A fore is found, among a sort of dawes.
For you that sewe, put this in your beleefe,
Law measures right, with toyle, expence and griefe.

The Petifogger, a dāgerous neighboūr.
The best end of law.

To appease final discords a speciall duty of Iustices of peace.

52 If like this Lord (whose fame cannot dilleace,
Make friends of foes, the meaner Iustice would:
To Iustices, might well be toyned peace.
This quiet raigne, doth challenge that they should:
Their blame, nay shame that will not if they could.
If not be sure each wheare will light the lote,
Which once vpon a worldlings house was wrote.

Written vpō a cruel worldlings house.

53 Thy Grownd-worke bilt, on discord and debate,
Thy front of brick, Temperd with widowes teares,
The Orphants spoyle, Thy windowes and thy state.
Good-yeomens falles, the beames that thee vp beares.
A wonder if, thou, stand in this repaire,
When built of wrongs, thy faircst beauties are.

54 Now to the Lord, of whome I lately spake,
The Prouerbe goes (although more true then iust)
A most honorable vertue in this Lord. The way is safe, the strongest parte to take:
But sure the weake, that to the wall was thrust:
His noble minde, did ayde in causes iust.
Which made men sing, in open streetes this song.
There rydes the Lord, their strength that suffer wrong.

He was a great comforter of persecuted strangers. He was highly regarded of forraigne princes,

56 The Thralls which fled for persecutions feare:
When as they saw the Pope, and Papists frowne.
His purse and toung, in banishment did cheere
All forraine states, yea persons of renowne.
Whome Tyrants sought, to tumble hedlong downe.
Upon his zeale: In England greatly stayde,
Which Realme, they saw, god blessed for their ayde.

Whose

57 Whose grieues he did, in all he might releaue.
His care for them, he shewed to the end:
The Holland States, his loue did soundly preaue.
Flaunders may say, that she hath lost a frend:
To mende her state, much trauell he did spend,
His helping hand, her sutors did not lacke,
Which still appeard, till sicknes kept him backe.

which profes the Gospell. He greatly & in what he might, surthered the succour of Flaunders.

57 The very bad, did reuerence his name,
And all the good, with griefe his lose deplore.
The strangers praise, doth blow abroade his fame,
Loud of his prince, for Valour, Truth, and Lore.
A happy man, whome all men did Adore,
Happy and blest, of God euen in his birth.
Who here possest, the blessing of the earth.

He was highly honored of strangers.

58 Blessed he was, of God in mariage twise,
His noble wiues the samples were of Grace:
His Children such, as that in all mens eyes,
Their actions did, their fathers vertues blaze.
His Daughters macht, with Earles of noble rase.
His sonnes, himself, all Lords, or Knights did se,
By vertue rayld, as much as by degree.

His wiues were most gratious Ladies.

3. Daughters of his, were al maried to Earles.
His sonnes were all Lords or Knights in his life time.

59 What would you more, he was a Pharoes blase,
To pry into whose gifts, doth dimme my eyes:
Like him that long against the Sonne doth gase.
Of honour sound, in Judgement graue and wise.
In all good deeds, he euer was precyse.
Aliue refuge, to those whome wrong did paine.
Aliue and dead, vnbleamisht with a staine.

Pharos, a wōderfull light made by Ptholomie Philodelphus for the derectiō of seafaring men.

Long

He was afflicted with a most violent sickness, one yeare and more past.

60 Long thus he liu'd, euen blessed from aboue.
And tride in fine, as gold is in the fire.
God chastiseth (quoth he) whome he doth loue,
And trueth to say, his torment might attaint
The strongest hart, yet, he did neuer faint:
Yea martred long, with furious griefe and paine.
No one can say, they hard him to complaine.

He was wonderfully martered by the Phisitions & Surgeons. The greatnesse of his patiẽce.

61 The griefe of hart, showde in the watry eyes,
Of friends that saw, the mangling of his flesh.
But he that felt, what griefe in man may deuise,
With comfort, did his Comforters refresh.
His patience then, my pen cannot expres.
His sickness straunge, as straungely was he vsde.
More strangely ealde, when Art had him refusde.

The Doctors and Surgions gaue him ouer.

62 What should I say? that Science is deuine:
Yet knowledge failes, vnlesse God blesseth skill.
The maister Doctors, gaue him ore in fine.
And left his Cure, vnto the Lord his will.
The mournfull cryes, the howse with sorrowes fill.
The Lord then had, compassion of our mone,
And blest the workes, of men that ware vnknowne.

M. Marrad & Fowler westerne men, Surgions.

Discription of the world, and of all estates.

63 But o their Cure, did but prolong his paine,
Euen from this Crosse, he longed Christ to see.
He heald this world, and all her beauties vaine.
The prowdest pompe, a short felicitie.
The regall care, a Golden misery,
The Maiestrate, an honorable thrawle.
The powre man blest, whose cõscience hath no gawle.

But

64 But ware mishap from worldly pleasure free,
So short a vle may not be counted Joy.
Mans life is like, a blome vpon a tree,
Which eu'ry storme, is ready to destroy.
No threatning can the Monster death annoy.
From all his poupe, he takes the Prince away,
Euen as the night, doth clowde the brightest day.

The vncertaintie of life.
The certainty of death.

65 A fayry tale, vnto the worldly thrawle,
Which hath health, wealth, & in his bowels peace:
But foolish man, that these thy pleasures cawle,
Thy lasting Joye, is after thy decease.
A graine of wheate doth rot ere it increase.
Euen so the flesh, a lasting Joye to giue,
Must tourne to dust, and then the sowle doth liue.

The worldly mans felicity Nemo ante obitum beatus.

66 And from this ground, this Lord did neuer smarue
he likened life to voyages at Sea:
Some short, some long, as winde and wether sarue,
And as men Joy, their ships retourne to see,
Because their wealth, within their bowels bee.
The godly so, in death their comfort eye,
Which made him liue, as he would dayly dye.

Life like, to voyages at Sea.

67 Retourne of health, which visibly was seene,
To tempt this Lord, was but an vdle traine:
The visiting of our most gratious Queene,
Did glad his hart, but with no clyming vaine:
Which dwelleth still, where princes fauours raigne.
She lou'd him as her strength in time of need,
He honord her, with duty, zeale, and dread.

Hee neuer had great care of worldly causes, since his former sickness. Her Maiestie oftentime most graciously visited him, in

 He

his former sickness.

68 He straind him selfe, farre more then was his ease.
To serue her highnesse, in his latter health:
In Parlament, he did himselfe dissease,
About sound lawes, to arme the Common wealth:
But priuate gaine, he grounded on a shelfe,
Came the Brydegrome by day or els by night.
In his cleare lampe, he euer more had light.

His most godly and blessed ende.

69 Not like his worth, his life before is showne,
The more our losse his death doth now draw neare:
What was his life, his godly death made knowne,
His sharpe assaulte, his faith did nothing feare:
His care was past, he found his Conscience cleare,
He saw by faith, the perfect life in dead,
The VVomans seede, trode on the Serpents head.

One of his godly sayinges, in his last ende.

The senses of a number, fayle before they decease.

70 In those fearce panges, mans sences often quaile
Their feeble heads, are full of Idle thought:
Their hollowe eyes, of worldly sight do faile.
Their foltring tonges, do wag and vtter nought:
Their harts do pant, as they with death had fought.
But he whose life, by none of these did wrong,
In death had vse of eye, hart, head, and toung.

He had perfect vse of his senses vnto his latter gaspe.

He lyuely confessed his faythe, in the tremblyng passage of deathe.

71 His head was free, from worldly thought and care,
His harte did still contemplate of gods booke:
His toung, his faith, did in his end declare:
His eyes abroade, did towards heauen looke.
His hands he heau'd, when strength the rest forsoke,
His chamber seem'd, a heauenly preaching place,
Him selfe euen then, the soundest teacher was.

Among

72 Among the reſt, his ſayings full of Grace,
For our regard, this one would here remaine.
I do thanke God, that I ſhall dye in peace,
And do not liue, for to beholde the paine,
Which for our ſinnes, on earth is like to raigne.
Regard it well, and each man one amend,
What good men dread, God forth moſt doth ſend.

A frutefull admonition vpon his laſt lyinge.

73 S. Auſtine ſaith, that God is all in all,
And with his Grace is euer with the good:
It followes then, the wicked to appaule.
His vengeance is, euen mired with their blood.
His mercy long, his Juſtice hath foreſtod:
But tempt not farre, the lotheſt man to fight,
When he is vrg'd, the ſoundeſt blowes doth ſmight.

74 England beware, bewarne if thou be wiſe,
Thy ſecret ſinnes, for open vengeance crye:
The words are mine, but his the ſound aduiſe.
What men forſhaue, that ready are to dye.
The lage do hold, euen for a propheſie.
His eyes (no dobut) the hyeſt heauens did peace,
And ſaw euen that, his toung did then rehearce.

7 For to conclude, the word, the deuill, and death,
He vanquiſhed, in all his houſholds ſight,
From Gaſpes, or Grones, ware free his latter breath,
His life did weare, euen like, a Taper light:
O happy ſoule, that made ſo ſtrong a fight,
And thus in fine, he mildly did diſſeace,
Euen in the place, where long he liu'd in peace.

His departure moſt quiet.

76 A happy'ende, that Plato calleth blest:
The end that he most gladly did imbrace.
The ende, his, end that many since haue mist.
The end that failes, his memory to deface,
Whose vertues liue, and shineth in his race.
The end that soone, had raisd this heauy mone:
Alas the Earle of Bedford now is gone.

77 Yea, he forth of this sinfull world is gone,
Gone from the traines, of Enuy and disdaine:
Gone, gone, before the knowledge of this mone,
Which would haue grieu'de him more then all his (paine:
His noble sonne, treacherously is slaine,
His sonne, his heire, of honor, Grace, and all.
Stout Lord Russell, whom Mars we well might call.

Of the valiāt Lord Russell.

78 A passion heare so duls my heauy muse,
As that I faint, to sound his high renowne,
My hand, and iudgement haue forgot their vse,
To staine my worke, the teares do trickle downe.
O dismall time, where in the heauens should frowne
To reaue at once, two Starres of Russels Fame,
The Sire, and Sonne, to all this Realme amame.

79 Frauncis the Sire, dereast by natures Corse:
Frauncis the Sonne, was slaine by Fortunes spight.
By Fortunes spight, armed with treacherous force.
But yet in spight, of all the spights their might,
His fame shall shine, when shame shall raigne & light,
Upon his foes, and all the cursed seede,
That gilty are, of this most impious deede.

God

80 God wilbe iust: you Murthrers then vniust,
Your iudgement heare (although pronounst by me)
The God that sayd, to Cain most accurst,
Who Caine doth kill, shall seauenfolde punish the.
Your Murther heare, euen in the worst degree,
Where law of Armes, and martiall faith was broke
Of God and man, will feele the wrathfull stroke.

God punisheth murder, for the most parte with visible vengeance.

81 I iudge not who are gilty of this deed:
God will reueale, the deepth of all this reach:
But this I say: his valour they did dread,
Experience erst, before their eyes did teach,
Where danger stood, his courage made a breach,
Which made them seeke, by Cowardise his breath,
Who would himselfe haue els reueng'd his death.

At the spur, In the last siege of Edenbrough, Vide Holengh, Cro.

82 A shamefull part, vpon a day of Truse,
Where mortall foes, no sharpe reuengement irye,
But once againe: who set this fowle abuse?
T'ware good that he, the Scottish Borders flye,
And desarts haunt, till vengeance make him dye:
Yea there to dreede, vntill his wretched end,
Each bush that sturres a RVSSEL, or his frend.

He was treacherously slaine, vpon a daye of Truse.

83 But leaue we here, his foes vnto their fall,
And see how hye firme vertue raisd this Lord,
When Treason arm'd the Northerne parts with thrall,
In tender yeares, with noble courage sturde.
He left the Court, and tooke him to the sword:
But did not with the multitude retower,
When Rebels fled, before their Princes Power.

Euer since the last rebellion in the North. He followed all offers of seruice, in Scotland and the Northern partes.

He maried the daughter and heire of S. Iohn Foster Knight. L. Warden of the midle marches.

84 To stay him there, he maried in those parts,
A louing wife: and S. Iohn Fosters heire,
Who dyed soone, yet for her swæte desarts,
And for the zeale, he to that seruice bare.
To leaue those parts, he neuer since had care:
Whose gouerment, and hazard oft of blood,
Approu'd him arm'd, to do his Country good.

TITVS MANLIVS being Consul, commaunded that none of his Souldiers should fight,

85 The Romaine warres, record a noble fight,
By Manlius sonne: in Combat with his foe:
His father yet, in all his Souldiers sight,
Put him to death, because he did vndoe,
His Order made, that none should hazard so.
This Lord likewise, commaunded was to ward,
For valiantnes, beyonde his lifes regard.

but when he commaunded them Genutius Metius one of his Enimyes pricked forth of his Companie, and chalenged Manlius Sonne. The commandement of his father was that hee should not fight. But he being the Consuls Sonne, rather then the Ehimie [illegible] him with Cowardise, preferred a certaine death, by breach [illegible] Commandement, before a dishonorable life in refusing [illegible] Hee slew his enimie and was himselfe put to death, by [illegible] severe Iustice. Euen so this noble Lord, although not so rou[illegible] because hee valiauntly aduentured his person in a dangerous [illegible] at the assaults of Edinbrough Castell, which Sir W. Drurie, Lieutenant, had appointed for men of meaner reputation, was by the sayd Lieutenant Committed to ward. But albeit, discipline in martiall pollicie is to be reuerēsed. The noble courage of this Lord, aunswered Alexanders magnanimous saying: that in matters of honorable danger, there ought to be no difference betweene a king, and a meane Souldier: and through that thought vpon a mortall drought, hee powred a present of water vppon the ground, because it sufficed not to releaue his whole Armie, Vide Holing. Cro.

Knighted

86 Knighted he was (and worthy in the field)
Who neuer yet did faint, to see his foe:
Yea thus betrayde, when he was wild to yeld,
He aunswered thus: That will I neuer doe,
Add drewe his sword, but o they shot him through:
Yet home he went, and caried death alme,
So lõg as strẽgth, with mortal woũds might striue.

He was Knighted by the Earle of Sussex, generall of the field.
His stout aunswere to his treacherous enimies.
He liued, vntill the daye, after that hee was wounded.

87 What should I say? In field a Mars he was,
In time of peace, a stayde and noble knight:
In pride of yeares: to be cut vp like gras,
Giues cause of mone, to many a worthy wight
Of Chiualrie, who held him for the light:
But all in vaine, To market to be sold,
The young sheape comes, aswell as doth the old.

88 To ward Deaths Dart, Honour is no shield,
Yong yeeres, faire lookes, nor prayer may intreate.
The Prince, the Peere, and ebry estate must yeld,
Of fame yeat Death, the Conquest can not get
Delire whereof meus mindes on vertue set.
And sure this Lord, by fame shall liue here,
Old Iohn of Tymes, that saw three hundred yeare.

Spes famæ solet ad virtutem impellere multos. Iohannes de Temporibus, liued in Charles the 5. time.

89 He liued so, as he shall neuer dye,
In Heauen nor earth, while any earth remaine:
His godly life, is crowned aboue the skye:
His noble deedes, which no fowle deed doth staine
(Though veniall sinne, in ebry flesh doth raigne)
Doth make his life, his mortall life I saye,
In fame to liue, till Morrall Tyme decaye.

90 I say no more, that can not praise too much,
This Lord, that liued well and dyed blest:
Fame spreades abroade, reports I dare not tuch,
Tul leaue do ioyne, in knowledge with the rest;
Truth shields frō shame, and Truth is yet exprest,
And I in time, God willing will expose,
With leaue obtainde, the practise of his foes.

Viuit post funera virtūs.

AN EPITAPHE VPON THE DEATH

of the right honorable Frauncis, Earle of Bedford, Baron Russell &c. And of his most valiant Sonne, and heire S. Frauncis, Lord Russell, treacherously slaine by a Stratageme of the Scotes, and dyed the day before his noble father.

HEare vnderneathe the Earle of Bedford lyes,
Whose head was fraught, with Grace, & godly care.
Who eares were ope, to heare the poore mās cries.
Whose eyes to wish, his neighbours goods forbare:
VVhose toung pronounst, but good and godly speach.
VVhose hands still gaue, and seldome did receiue,
VVhose holy life, all sorts of men might teach.
This painted world, did nothing but deceiue.
He liu'd and dy'de, as he with God should raigne:
But O his losse, ioynes with an other rod,
His noble Sonne slaine by a Scottish traine.
His father lead, the happy way to God,
Vpon a day of truce, they did him wound,
VVhome shame (no doubt) by vengeance will confound.

Nemo ante obitum beatus.

Collated + OK
1/18/35 RO